

A girl in New Haven is said to be turning to stone. She is in a position now to give the boys the marble heart.

A New York paper asserts that a gigantic dynamite trust is now being organized. That report was exploded several months ago.

Macaulay speaks of a good woman who "accomplished" a great age. But woman has never regarded age as one of her accomplishments.

A patient investigator finds that Bacon's sentences are three times as long as Shakespeare's. The test was applied to over 60,000 words of each author.

A New York man has gone insane from the effects of a mosquito bite. If bills are presented persistently they are enough to drive almost any man crazy?

The Massachusetts State penitentiary has been robbed. Perhaps some of the guests are merely practicing, to keep their hands in during their enforced vacations.

Russell Sage is suing the Erie Railroad Company for the price of a pet mare killed by cars. We predict that it will be a horse on the company when the litigation ends.

The motto of the graduating class of the Arkansas city high school this year was "The Ocean Lies Just Before Us." The study of geography seems to have been badly neglected in that school.

James J. Corbett appeared in a baseball game in New York and made three good hits. Mr. Corbett's great mistake seems to be that he didn't use a baseball bat earlier in his public performances.

A Chicago paper's headline, "Weyler Hopes to Defeat Gomez," is not particularly startling just at this time. Weyler has been giving a continuous performance with that hope for a year and a half.

The bicycle has succeeded because the individual makers and dealers advertised their wares, and the commanding position the silent steed holds to-day is a speaking argument of the value of advertising.

A dispatch from Easton, Pa., says that three Chicago lawyers are there "looking for heirs to a million-dollar estate." This looks suspicious; if those fellows were Chicago lawyers they would be looking solely for the million.

English navigators keep a close record of the appearance of new rocks and shoals. The number reported last year was 206, and twenty-one were discovered by vessels striking on them. This old-fashioned way to take soundings is accurate, but unscientific.

A New York paper sneers at the Governor of Indiana because that official is devoting his time to an endeavor to find a cure for hog cholera instead of thinking overtime on matters of statecraft. He is giving his constituents better service than nine-tenths of the Governors are.

A memorial tablet recently placed in an English church commemorates a life that was "an exemplification of the charity that never fails, the humility that never boasts, the patience that never tires, the hope that never fades." Could there well be a better summary of a well-spent life?

The Times-Star, of Sedan, Kan., says: "There was a large attendance at the Washington dance night before last, and everybody had an enjoyable time. There was lots of fiddling and dancing, plenty of drinking and fighting, and a good time generally. Only one man was shot, and he was not severely injured." On with the dance; let joy be unconfined.

Brooklyn's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has occupied its new and finely equipped building in the crowded part of the city. The structure has a flat roof, which is to be fitted up as a playground for children who are temporary occupants of the shelter. In American architecture the utilization of the roof is becoming an interesting feature.

Dubuque Times: There is no doubt that farming will pay one time perhaps not as well as another, financially, but in comfort, independence and in plenty, the reward is exceedingly great. It is a grand and noble vocation and any young man should be proud if he has had opportunity for experience in farm life. There ought to be more farmers and fewer doctors and lawyers.

Evidence that the world moves was to have been expected from the Universal Postal Congress in Washington. Perhaps the most striking bit of testimony was the decision of Korea to come into the postal union. It is only a few years since Korea was known throughout the civilized world as the "hermit kingdom," but there is nothing hermit-like in this desire of the Koreans.

Minneapolis Times: We are accustomed to unstinted eulogy of the jury system, and while in every other aspect the majority rule is conceded, no where else but in the jury room is it

recognized that there must be absolute assent by every person vested with authority before action can be had or a decision reached. The very statement of the case shows the absurdity of the jury system. It is an absurdity; it is often a vice.

Snoring has at last proved fatal—not to the snorer, but to the snore, so to speak. The victim was a 3-year-old girl in Canarsie, N. Y. She found a man lying asleep in a building on her father's property, emitting such terrific noises that she was thrown into convulsions and died a few hours later. The cause of the trouble was a drunken man, and the heaviest punishment that could be meted out to him was ten days' imprisonment.

Every day brings into existence a new set of relatives for the late Barney Barnato. It is not beyond the possibilities that some of these people were really related to the Kaffir king, but many of them are undoubtedly frauds. Had they in truth been his relatives they would have made themselves known long before this. But a man who has accumulated a fortune such as his must expect to have claimants for his estate.

"Nothing new under the sun," said the preacher. Yet many people think that he did not foresee the bicycle. Nevertheless, Mr. Yang Yu, late Chinese minister to this country, declares that they used bicycles in the Flower Kingdom twenty centuries ago. He adds that their manufacture was finally prohibited by the Emperor because the Chinese women rode so constantly that they neglected their families and domestic duties. This bit of satire indicates that Mr. Yang Yu has attained a very intelligent appreciation of Occidental humor during his residence in this country.

In the new "dustless" railway coach, built for the Texas Midland Railroad, water-drenched ventilators are located in the walls of the car between the windows, and water pipes produce a shower of artificial rain in each ventilator. By means of an apparatus the water is carried under pressure through the pipes to drench each of the wire fabric air-filters in the ventilators. The power is derived from the axle and is transmitted through the medium of (ten) flexible coiled wire bands side by side on the combination and wheel. The same water is forced through the pipes and ventilators repeatedly, being used over and over again.

The senate, or governing body of Cambridge University, England, has rejected by a large majority a proposition to grant to women students the degree of bachelor of arts. For the last sixteen years duly qualified women students at Girton and Newnham have been admitted to the honor examinations at Cambridge; a separate class list has been provided for them, and successful candidates have been given a diploma by the university. During this period the names of about 700 women students have been recorded in the university calendar. The movement to secure for women the formal degree conferred upon men students was strongly supported, but failed because of a fear that it would lead to giving women a share in the government of the university, and thus change its character.

The Presbytery of New York has passed a resolution condemning the practice of holding funerals upon Sunday. As no reason is given for the discouragement of Sunday funerals, the impression is left they are looked upon as an infraction of the fourth commandment. About the only thing which the Sabbatharians had left for one to do upon Sunday was to die or to be buried, and now this privilege too is to be taken away. Sunday burials have long since ceased to be "fashionable," but otherwise there has never been any objection to them. It may possibly be that they are considered as imposing too much labor upon the clergy in addition to their other duties. Until mankind has discovered some way in which to save off his death in order to make his funeral possible either upon Saturday or Monday he will have to be content to die without benefit of the New York Presbytery.

Kansas City enjoys the distinction of letting a contract for burying its pauper dead for 10 cents a head. One of the Aldermen objects to such a cheap burial as an indignity, and he says that the contract should be let at such a price "as will permit of a respectable, Christian burial." The contractor defends his bid on the work and says that for that price he can provide each pauper who dies with a stained pine coffin, a separate grave and a head board containing an inscription. He expects to make his profits from those relatives who appear after a time and are willing to pay for the removal of the body and its interment in a more elaborate manner. His bid is the result of trade competition with his fellow undertakers. He says they tried to drive him out of the business, and he thereupon cut his rates and underbid them for the contract. Aside from a cut rate in burials, the matter is interesting as being long up the question of the lowest figure at which one may be buried in a "respectable, Christian" manner.

The Original Tea. Fred F. Hassam, the Boston antiquarian, has in his possession a bottle of the tea which on the night of Dec. 16, 1773, was emptied from the British vessel by the Boston Tea Party.

Postoffice Savings Banks. There are 20,400 postoffices in the United Kingdom and 28,000 letter boxes. Savings bank business is transacted at 11,000 offices.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

Greencastle Jenny. Oh, Greencastle streets, where a stream of steel With the slanted muskets the soldiers bore, And the seared earth muttered and shook to feel The tramp and the rumble of Long-street's Corps; The bands were blaring "The Bonny Blue Flag," And the banners borne were a motley many; And waiting the gray column wind and drag Was a slip of a girl—we'll call her Jenny.

A slip of a girl—what need her name?— With her cheeks aflame and her lips aglitter, As she leaned and looked with a loyal shame At the steady flow of the steady river; Till a storm grew black in the hazel eyes, Time had not tamed, nor a lover sighed for; And she ran and she girded her, apron-wise, With the flag she loved and her brothers died for.

Out of the doorway they saw her start, (Pickett's Virginians were marching through), The hot little foolish hero-heart, Armored with stars and the sacred blue, Clutching the folds of red and white. Stood she and bearded those ranks of theirs, Shouting shrilly with all her might, "Come and take it, the man that dares!"

Pickett's Virginians were passing through; Supple as steel and as brown as leather Rusty and dusty of hat and shoe, Wanted to hunger and war and weather— Peerless, fearless, an army's flower! Sternest soldiers the world saw never, Marching lightly, that Summer hour, To death and failure and fame forever.

Rose from the rippling ranks a cheer; Pickett saluted, with bold eyes beaming, Sweeping his hat like a cavalier, With his tawny locks in the warm wind streaming, Fierce little Jenny! Her courage fell, As the firm lines flickered with friendly laughter, And Greencastle streets gave back the yell

That Gettysburg slopes gave back soon after, So they cheered for the flag they fought With the generous glow of the stubborn fighter, Loving the brave as the brave man ought, And never a finger was raised to fright her; So they marched, though they knew it not, Through the fresh green June to the shock infernal, To the hell of the shell and the plunging shot, And the charge that has won them a name eternal.

And she fell at last, as she hid her face; There had lain at the roof of her childish daring, A trust in the men of her own brave race, And a secret faith in the foe's forbearance; And she sobbed, till the roll of the rumbling gun, And the swinging tramp of the marching men, Were a memory only, and day was done, And the stars in the fold of the blue again, (Thank God that the day of the sword is done, And the stars in the fold of the blue again!) —Helen Gray Cone, in Scribner's.

"Mother Bickerdyke" Honored. Fully 200 old soldiers, their families and friends crowded into Bunker Hill, Kan., recently, to honor and pay their respects to that mother of all soldiers, Mrs. Bickerdyke. The Mother Bickerdyke day was originated by Commander Botkin as a token of the gratitude of the Western soldier to an estimable woman.

Mother Bickerdyke, while 80 Mrs. BICKERDYKE, years of age, is remarkably vigorous and in good health. She delights to see the soldiers and cheer them in their old age. As each delegation came into the city they went to the home of Mother Bickerdyke and paid their respects. She received each one with a handshake and a cheering word.

The services were held in a large tent. Addresses were made by A. J. Dickson of Russell and William Russell of Bunker Hill. A hundred old veterans escorted Mother Bickerdyke to the celebration in a hack. Addresses were made by Commander Botkin, General Lewis Handback of Topeka and Colonel Thomas Jackson of Newton. Mother Bickerdyke was presented with a silver water service by the G. A. R. of Kansas in commemoration of her labors for the old soldiers of Kansas.

Mrs. Bickerdyke was Mary Ann Ball, and she was born at Mount Vernon, Ohio, in 1817. She came from the old pilgrim stock, intermingled with the Knickerbockers. Her ancestors came from England almost a century before the great revolution, and it is from the Virginia Ballis that Mrs. Bickerdyke is descended.

After a course at Oberlin College, Miss Ball studied the methods of the nursing of that day in the hospitals of Cincinnati. After her marriage she removed to Galesburg, Ill., and the

death of her husband left her to support two children. At the beginning of the civil war she offered her services to the sanitary commission at Chicago and, being accepted, was assigned to Cairo, Ill. She served all through the war, and her fame as a nurse spread throughout the armies of the North and the South. Many a brave soldier owes his life to her, and she is honored by the soldiers as is no other woman.

Since the close of the war "Mother" Bickerdyke has lent her valuable aid to many charitable missions in the East and in the West. She has been a pension agent, and in that capacity she has seen that many a deserving soldier has got his rights. Of late years she has lived at Salina, Kan., closing the years of a well-spent life.

Unasked Advice for Grant. General Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant," in the Century, deals with the preparations for the last campaign. General Porter says:

General Grant had become very tired of discussing methods of warfare which were like some of the problems described in algebra as "more curious than useful," and he was not sufficiently interested in the canal to be present at the explosion which was expected to complete it. About this time all the cranks in the country, besides men of real inventive genius, were sending extraordinary plans and suggestions for capturing Richmond. A proposition from an engineer was received one day, accompanied by elaborate drawings and calculations, which had evidently involved intense labor on the part of the author. His plan was to build a masonry wall around Richmond, of an elevation higher than the tallest houses, then to fill the enclosure with water pumped from the James River, and drown out the garrison and people like rats in a cage. The exact number of pumps required and their capacity had been figured out to a nicety.

Another inventive genius, whose mind seemed to run in the direction of the science of chemistry and the practice of stonemasonry, sent in a chemical formula for making an all-powerful snuff. In his communication he assured the commanding general that after a series of experiments he had made with it on people and animals, he was sure that if shells were filled with it and exploded within the enemy's lines, the troops would be seized with such violent fits of sneezing that they would soon become physically exhausted with the effort, and the Union army could walk over at its leisure and pick them up as prisoners without itself losing a man.

A certain officer had figured out from statistics that the James River froze over about once in seven years, and that that was the seventh year, and advised that troops be massed in such a position that when the upper part of the James changed from a liquid to a solid, columns could be rushed across it on the ice to a position in rear of the enemy's lines, and Richmond would be at our mercy. A scoreer in Rochester sent the general word that he had cast his horoscope, and gave him a clear and unclouded insight into his future, and added to its general attractiveness that he would tell him how gloriously he was going to succeed in taking Richmond.

One evening the general referred to these emanations of the prolific brains of our people, and the many novel suggestions made to him, beginning with the famous powder-boat sent against Fort Fisher, and closed the conversation by saying: "This is a very suggestive age. Some people seem to think that an army can be whipped by waiting for rivers to freeze over, exploding powder at a distance, drowning our troops, or setting them to sneezing; but it will always be found in the end that the only way to whip an army is to go out and fight it."

Grant Offers His Purse to His Enemy. General Grant never mentioned an incident in connection with the battle of Donelson, and no one ever heard of it until it was related by his opponent in that battle, General Buckner. In a speech made by that officer at a banquet given in New York on the anniversary of General Grant's birthday, April 27, 1889, he said: "Under these circumstances, sir, I surrendered to General Grant. I had at a previous time befriended him, and it has been justly said that he never forgot an act of kindness. I met him on the boat, and he followed me when I went to my quarters. He left the officers of his own army and followed me, with that modest manner peculiar to himself, into the shadow, and there tendered me his purse. It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that in the modesty of his nature, he was afraid the light would witness that act of generosity, and sought to hide it from the world. We can appreciate that, sir."—Century.

Clears His Record. It is never too late to clear one's name, and that is why Judge Roger A. Pryor, now of New York, denies the story, which found credence in some quarters, that he deserted from the Confederate army during the civil war. A Vermont officer who had gone to the picket line to swap some tobacco was taken prisoner by the rebels. The Union men vowed revenge for what they considered the violation of a truce, and they swore to take the next "Johnny" who came up to swap. It happened to be Colonel Pryor. That is what he says, and he is corroborated by the Vermont officer.

To Erase Dickens Landmarks. It is proposed to tear down a portion of the older part of London, and in doing this a locality with which Dickens is identified in some of his best-remembered novels has been doomed to go. It is even said that the exact building which he put into fame as the Old Curiosity Shop is one of them. But some of the English people are pleading for the preservation of this locality, because Dickens has in effect made it a feature in London history.

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896. Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhoea and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

STREET WAI SELLERS WAR CRY.

One takes pity on an Army Lassie and Helo to Sell Her Papers. One wore the modest blue of the Salvation Army, the other the ragged raiment of the street wail. Both were girls and both were selling papers. They came together on a Market street corner. The newsgirl eyed the War Cry lassie for a minute or two and then sidled slowly up to her.

"How's biz?" she asked. "The girl in the blue uniform and poke bonnet looked at the little tot in surprise. "Not very good," she answered, after a moment. "Folks ain't buyin' de papers very swift, eh?" "I'm not selling many War Crys, if that is what you mean."

"Does yer have ter stay out till yer sell 'em all?" "No, I don't have to, but I generally do." "Take yer a long time ternaught, eh?" "Yes, I will be out yer late, I expect. I'm awfully tired, too." "That seemed to determine something the ragged one evidently had been turning over in her mind. "I only got a couple more papers left meself," she said, "an' if yer don't mind I'll help yer out."

The novelty of the proposition of a desire for assistance caused the War Cry lassie to accept the proposition, and half of the Salvation papers were turned over to the newsgirl. The latter started in to work vigorously and pretty soon had the other girl's papers going like hot cakes. Ragged newsgirls don't often peddle War Crys and the people she approached appreciated the fact enough to avail themselves of the opportunity.

In perhaps half an hour the ragged one returned to the War Cry girl minus papers, but with a little fat full of nickels. "Say," she said, "it's dead easy. Wish I could sell 'em all de time. Is dere much in it?" "Oh, my, no," the War Cry girl explained. "I don't get anything at all." The "newsy's" eyes opened wide in surprise. Then she voiced her opinion: "Den yer mus' be as easy as sellin' de War Crys was, I'm going now. Good-bye." "Play the Test of Character. It is not to be inferred that because play is our normal condition it is therefore an experience to be indulged in without discrimination," writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in an article on "The Young Man at Play," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Because play is the absence of constraint a man in his play will be himself sincerely and unaffectedly. In play there is no affectation. If indulged in without consideration its character will denote perfectly the character of the player. He will sink or rise in it to his true level. One may do very good work and commit himself to reputable and magnificent purposes, and yet in the intervals of enterprise may fall to an exceedingly low key—be a grand worker but a degraded player. That is because work is subject to constraint, and play (so far forth) is not. The only way we can exactly determine our own character is by noticing what it is we do when we are doing exactly what we want to do—that is, what we do when we are at play. There is no criterion of a man's quality so accurate as his amusements, for in them there is the renunciation of disguise. Our real inwardness discloses itself not in what we do, but in what we perfectly enjoy doing. This test is rather a severe one, and is, perhaps, calculated by the books he devotes himself to when he is studiously at work, but by those he is absorbed in when he is reading for the pleasure of it."



me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

Agitation for good roads is meeting the cordial endorsement of public men who stop to give it more than a passing thought. Ex-Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson is now among those who strongly commend the movement of the League of American Wheelmen for better highways. In a recent letter he said: "I am in full sympathy with the effort now being made to secure good roads throughout our country. This is a living question. There is little difficulty in getting from one large city to another, or even in crossing the continent, but the important question is how to get from the country home to the school house, to the church, to the market. It is a gratifying fact that this subject is now undergoing thorough discussion in many of our States. The result will be beneficial. Like other important questions, it will work out its own solution. I agree with Gov. Markham that 'good roads mean advanced civilization.'"

When people like Mr. Stevenson begin to emphasize the need of better country highways, surely there must be a great public interest to be subserved. And what are the facts? Mr. Stevenson lives at Bloomington, Ill., in the center of a district whose roads are notoriously bad. It is not the only district of its kind. There are dozens of such districts in every State in the Union. The Bloomington district is only a sample, and should not be singled out as an illustration, but for coincidence. A prominent paper in Illinois recently published this interesting dispatch from its Bloomington correspondent: "The embargo of mud is complete in central Illinois. Farmers who have lived in McLean County more than half a century declare that they have never seen the roads so utterly impassable as they are now. General stagnation in retail trade is the result. Farmers find it impossible to come to town in a light vehicle drawn by four horses. Much of the corn stored in cribs has rotted on the cob and crumbles in the shelter. The condition of grain is giving the farmers serious trouble."

Another interesting piece of news comes from Massachusetts. In a town of about 5,000 inhabitants in that State a dwelling house was burned to the ground because the roads were too muddy for the fire department to reach it. Insurance men claim that the town can be held responsible for the loss.

Knobs Used by Machinery. If inventions continue to multiply at the present rate, the day may speedily come when man will have to sit with folded arms while his work and even his pleasures are turned out for him. Science has lately given us a marvel in the shape of a card-counting machine. Two of these most interesting automata now working are used for counting and tying postal cards into small bundles. Two of the machines are capable of counting 500,000 cards in ten hours and wrapping and tying the same in packages of twenty-five each. In this operation the paper is pulled off a drum by two long "fingers" which come up from below, and another finger dips in a vat of gum and applies itself to the wrapping paper in exactly the right spot. Other parts of the machine twine the paper around the pack of cards and then a "thumb" presses over the spot where the gum is, and the package, tied with the paper slip, is thrown upon a carry belt ready for delivery.—Popular Science News.

Why Bees Like Night Work. Bees prefer to work in the dark because the action of sunlight upon the honey is to cause the sugar to granulate out, and so to solidify the whole mass, in which condition it is of no use either to themselves or their living. Pencil and ink. A letter addressed by a Bostonian to Miss Beatrice Harraden at Bourne-mouth, England, where she has been staying since last fall, was returned by the English postoffice people marked "Inconspicuously addressed." Julian Storry, the artist husband of Emma Eames, is now in Rome at work upon a memorial bust of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, which is to be placed in the members' entrance to the house of commons.